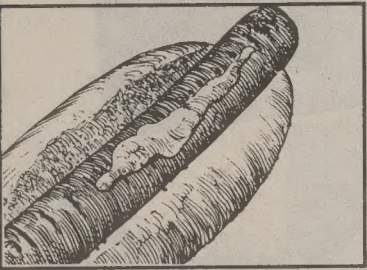


STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • SEPTEMBER 18, 1991

CAMPUS LIFE



**BERTHA
MURDERED!
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OPINION

**COWS &
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LANGUAGE
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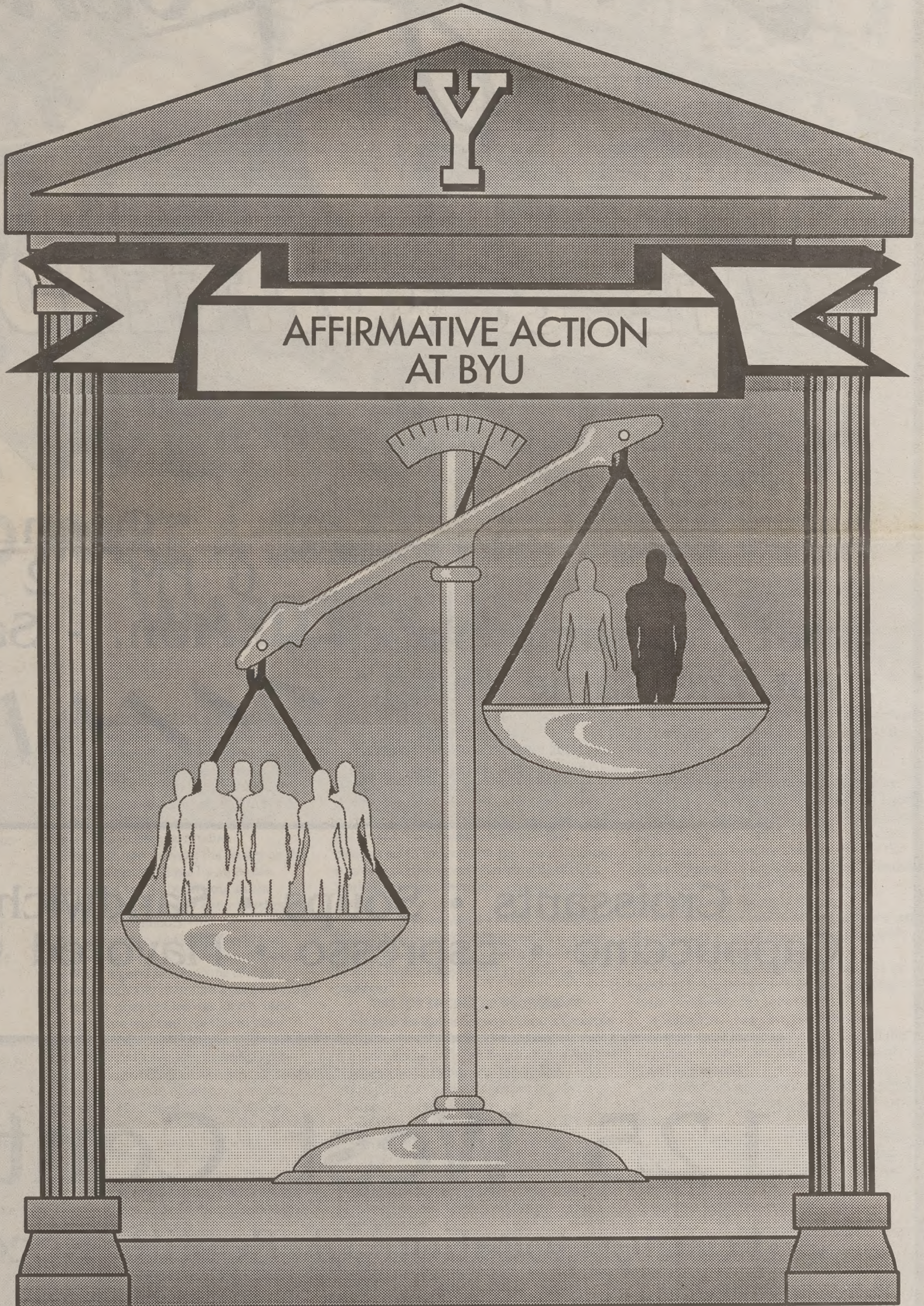
ARTS & LEISURE



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TO SONJA
(PAGE 12)**

RELIGION

**AFFIRMATIVE
ACTION AT BYU
(PAGE 15)**



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HOW TO MAKE A SPLASH AT YOUR FIRST WARD SOCIAL

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE UNINITIATED: your ward opening social could possibly be the most important social event of this school year. Forget ladies' night at Club MTV.

Forget the ROTC Officer's Ball. Forget your BYUSA-sponsored preference. Your first ward social is here, the stakes are high, and you need to be ready. Here's the dilemma: how to feel at ease poolside with a Dixie cup of BYU Red in your right hand and a sugar cookie in your left? How to feel confident in that crowded third floor ELWC room with Bell Biv DeVoe belting over the second counselor's stereo system? How do you stand out if everyone in your ward (as usual) has the same hairstyle, hometown, and major?

A few simple preparations will enable you to *carpe ward party*. As a public service, we print them here.

PRE PARTY PREP:

- For the men—John Travolta has provided us an excellent demonstration of the old reliable textbook Testosterone Psych-up in his starring role as a frustrated mid-70s youth in Brooklyn in that timeless epic—*Saturday Night Fever*. In order to feel the full effects of this exercise, I suggest you rent the video (PG version of course) and follow along in sync with the roommates. But, since modern technology is not available to all, we will guide you through his infamous "getting ready to go to the disco" routine. First, blare the Bee Gees' hit "Staying Alive"

over your 8-track. Stand in black bikini underwear in front of a full length mirror and flex every muscle in your upper body. Place a gold medallion around your neck followed by a 1 1/4 inch thick gold rope. Then walk out into your hall, still in bikini underwear, yelling "DeNiro! DeNiro! DeNiro!" and scare your Italian grandmother into praying the rosary on the spot. (If you cannot come by an Italian grandmother, try it out on your dorm mother or the most senior sister missionary in your neighborhood.)

That, gentlemen, is all you need to do.

- Ladies—it's a little more complicated for you. While a good testosterone charge is enough to turn any man into a social raging bull, society does not look as kindly upon the aggressive woman. Use this to your advantage. Before leaving your apartment, decide how you are going to act tonight—demure, shy, sweet, or unassuming. Pick out a corresponding hair accessory—banana clip, comb embellished with silk flowers, ribbon barrette, floral headband, floppy scarf bow. Let the spirit guide. And wear the appropriate perfume. Obsession, Poison, and the like are out of the question. Try Love's Baby Soft. Just a hint. There. Now you can quietly beam your fascinating womanhood across the crowded room.

Those much more improper can try a different approach by wearing a Victoria's Secret bustier, black jeans, cowboy boots, and 2-inch thick eyeliner *a la* those Guess models. Just don't expect to be called to the

Relief Society presidency any time soon.

BEFORE WE START,

A FEW REFRESHMENT GROUND RULES:

- Ladies, do not go immediately to the refreshment table. If you choose to nibble during the night, slip the cookie into your purse or pocket and eat in secret away from the crowd. Two reasons for this—first, calories eaten in secret do not count. Second, it saves you the worry that your lipstick is feathered or that there are cookie crumbs caught in your teeth.

- Men, go immediately to the refreshment table. Save the cookies or glazed donuts for later. For now, ladle yourself a 3/4-full glass of BYU Red. Always carry it with you. And swagger.

TIPS FOR SPICING UP THE EVENING:

- Invite the Relief Society/Elder's Quorum President to do "the Lambada, the Forbidden Dance." Tell her/him you learned it when you left your comp half-way through your Brazilian mission to join a troupe of Rio show girls.

- Walk up to your bishop. Say, "Hi, I'm a Scorpio." Then ask him what his sign is.

- Wear a shirt with a slightly racy saying on it. Something like "36-24-36: I'm a Numbers Man!" or "Italians Do It Better." If anyone asks, tell them your last name is Capucci or Lorenzo.

- If anyone asks you your first name, say that you don't have one. Or say that you only go by "Bull" or "Babe."

- Try to slip aspirin into someone's decaffeinated Coke.

- Invite the ward to form a circle and clap. Stand in the middle and breakdance. Do the worm only if you brought your latex-covered cardboard floor mat.

- Volunteer to play disc jockey and play only Carole King hits for the rest of the night in protest of something. If they ask you what you're protesting, tell them, "The treatment of zoo animals held in captivity all over the United States," or anything similar. Demand that your ward divest itself of all zoo holdings before the night is over.

- Tell everyone you're an art major and ask them if they'd be willing to model in a body stocking for your next project.

- Tell everyone you meet that you feel so close to them that you swear you must have been buddies in the pre-existence.

- Tell all the men you meet that they remind you of Bertrand Russell. Tell all the women you meet that they remind you of Theresa Russell.

- Walk up to a long-haired stranger, pluck a hair from his/her head, and then floss with it. Smile.

- Wink repeatedly at either member of an obviously engaged couple. Keep winking. If he/she tries to run away, ask him/her for his/her phone number.

- Leave throwing kisses.

FOLLOW-UP:

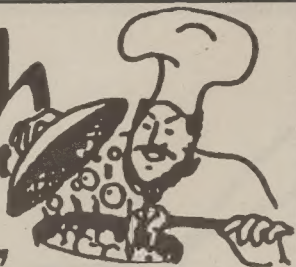
- Bear your testimony about the whole experience next Fast Sunday. Include names.

- Deliver tuna casseroles to people you met whom you really liked. Δ

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Student Review values the principles of Brigham Young University and the LDS Church, and the highest standards of journalistic ethics.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the SR staff, BYU, UVCC, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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L E T T E R S

DEAR STUDENT REVIEW

I would like to reply to the retraction printed in the August issue. Not only was the retraction libel, but it was also handled in a completely unprofessional manner.

First, I never told Matt Stannard that I received C.O. status, only that I applied for it. It was my impression that the focus of the interview was to point out how difficult it is for one to get out of the Army. I made a bad decision by enlisting in the Reserves, and once I was activated my morals caught up with me. I decided I would not kill while serving on armed guard duty. But because of military hierarchy and the problems I had with my L.D.S. chaplain, getting C.O. status was incredibly difficult. I suffered an intense amount of mental emotional abuse while on active duty during Desert Storm in Frankfurt, Germany.

The truth of the matter is that the psychiatrist that interview me before I could file for C.O. status recommended that I be honorably discharged by "Chapter 5" which states I was "incompatible personality with the military." This was the discharge I eventually received. I was not discharged medically. In fact, upon discharge I was evaluated as having completely normal health, both physically and psychologically. The military even tried to give me a dishonorable discharge and catch me doing illegal things, but they couldn't. I was clean. I suffered extensively while on active duty, and did whatever I could at the time to get out. The military doesn't like C.O.'s and that is the real story.

I told all of this to Matt Stannard during the interview, and he chose to print what he wanted. If the Student Review wants to investigate the validity of what I told Matt, write to DFG-VK (Deutsch/American War Resisters League), 15 Vogelsburger Str. Frankfurt, Germany. Direct this letter to Mr. Jim Cates, my lawyer during the ordeal. This was the organization dedicated to counselling C.O.'s and A.W.O.L.'s that I worked for while on active duty. In addition, you can write Cpt. Angela DeBuse Commander A Co, 97th General Hospital APO N.Y. 09757. She was my commander understood my situation, and will probably be fairly objective. The 328th G.H. at Ft. Douglas UT, will not be objective. They were the ones who gave me a lot of the mental/emotional abuse while in Frankfurt and then illegally left me in Europe for three weeks after they were released. The L.D.S. Chaplain who refused to give me C.O. status was also from the unit.

Second of all, S.R. went on to print that I committed the sin of going to Lagoon on free Lagoon day for Desert Storm Heros, and (gasp) I was wearing desert camouflage trousers given to me by Mr. Jim Phipps himself. Let me explain this supposed inconsistency. For me, that day at Lagoon was just a free day of fun with no political connections, though I choose to make a political statement by what I was wearing. I wore those desert camouflage trousers as a statement against the war. That day, along with the camouflage trousers, I was also wearing my peace bird T-shirt and peace necklace prominently displayed around my neck to point out the disgust I had with the whole Desert Storm affair. I saw Jim Phipps at Lagoon, and knowing some of his political beliefs from earlier conversations I did not talk about my position on the military or the peace movement. Obviously, Jim was not pleased to see me, a political dissident, wearing the trousers he wore proudly in Saudi Arabia. At the time that he gave me those pants, I was already planning on wearing them as a political statement against the atrocities of Desert Storm. Regardless, this constitutes no reason for slander.

The retraction contained yet another irrelevant statement. I decided not to go back to Europe immediately because of personal reasons, none of which are of any concern of the Student Reviews. The fact is that I am going back to Europe in the fall when I have saved up enough money to do so - airline tickets aren't free, or is Europe cheap. It is insipid that I should even have to explain myself on this point. Regardless, it doesn't make a difference if I never go back to Europe at all. My moral views about war, patriotism, and the military remain the same - I detest them. I have still been active with leftist politics here in the "Good old USA," and my commitment to war resistance, peace movements, and leftist politics is for a lifetime.

So thank you S.R. for unjustly crucifying me, breaking journalism confidence, and doing harm to the peace movement by print that fallacious retraction. I was an open resister during Desert Storm, and I got a lot of abuse for it. Obviously, S.R. doesn't have enough guts to do likewise.

"SPENCER"

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Legal advice received by Student Review reveals the following:

1. SR did not slander or libel "Spencer."
2. The article that was printed in SR was read to "Spencer" before publication and "Spencer" did not disapprove of the proposed article.
3. SR has not used "Spencer's" full name.

STAFF NOTES:

Student Review's Staff Person of the Week this week is Chris Kenney, our High Volume Party Chief Extrodinaire. Chris is the mastermind behind Friday the 13th: The Dance, which we sincerely hope you attended. His behind the scene contributions to the Review have made a huge change in the paper. Thank you kindly, Chris. And thank you metropolitan Provo for attending the dance he organized.

BERTHA MURDERED IN BRUTAL SANDWICH BEATING

BERTHA, BELOVED STUDENT REVIEW ADVICE columnist, was the victim of a savage murder last weekend. Full details of the homicide have yet to be released, but SR investigators have been able to piece together the following scenario of Saturday's sordid events.

Witnesses report having seen a bouffanted female in her mid-forties, large Subway sandwich bag in hand, enter a windowless study room on the fourth floor of the Harold B. Lee Library between 11:15 and 11:30 Saturday night. Later that same night as the theme from "Hawaii 5-0" blared from the speakers, muffled screams, sounds of breaking furniture and several dull thuds were heard from the study room. Witnesses report seeing a frenzied food cop exiting the room, locking the door behind him, and racing to the elevators.

Sunday morning, members of a ward Family History class discovered a broken chair and blood-stained table covered with pickles, hot peppers and bread crumbs. A faint trail of bread crumbs and sesame seeds, yet to be vacuumed up by sabbath-observing custodial crews, led from the fated study room directly to the construction site of the new arts museum.

No body was found among the vast piles of dirt and gravel, but a hot pink garter embroidered with the letter "B" was found stuck on the fence surrounding the construction. Also found on the site was a six inch piece of bread embedded with bobbypins and long black hairs.

When questioned, University Police refused to comment. Δ

If you have any information regarding the brutal sandwich-beating of Bertha please contact Student Review at PO Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602.

BYU police respond to variety of crimes

The following incidents were reported by the University Police between Aug. 22 and Sept. 5.

INDECENT EXPOSURE — August 27, sighted at the baseball field ticket booth. Suspect is a white male in his late twenties, approximately 5 feet 10 inches tall.

ILLEGAL CONSUMPTION — August 29, a 20 year-old male, involved in a minor traffic violation, was found to have consumed alcohol but was able to pass field sobriety

tests. The suspect, who received a citation for the offense, was found to have ten other involvements with University Police including 8 obscene/harassing phone calls.

LEWDNESS — August 29, a white male suspect, 6 feet 2 inches tall, approximately 180 pounds with short brown hair and wearing a yellow cut off shirt and no pants was seen running near Wymount Terrace.

THEFT — August 30, a purse was stolen from 420 TNRB containing a

wallet with \$47, keys, a checkbook, and prescription medication.

PHONE HARASSMENT — Sept. 4, a resident of Wymount Terrace reported a series of obscene and harassing phone calls left on a voice mail system.

LEWDNESS/INDECENT EXPOSURE — Sept. 5, University Police Lt. Arnold Lemmon arrested a man at 150 E. and BYU lot 37 for indecent exposure and lewd conduct in a parked car.

Truth is stranger than fiction

Which of the following crime reports appeared in the *Daily Universe*? Can you guess?

INDECENT EXPOSURE — September 5, sighted at the Marriott Center ticket booth. Suspect is a white male freshman in his late teens, approximately 5 feet 5 inches tall. Suspect discovered in the early a.m. hours camping out for football tickets. Suspect exposed bottom to ticket ushers and then rolled away in his Holly Hobbie sleeping bag when told that he had slept in the line for Young Ambassador season passes and would not be able to purchase football tickets.

ILLEGAL CONSUMPTION — August 29, a 20 year-old male, involved in a minor accident with a BYU Vending Van, was found to have consumed too many

"suicides" mixed from the soda fountain at the Cannon Center but was able to pass breathalyzer caffeine test. The suspect, who received a citation for the offense, was found to have ten other involvements with University Police including two counts of stealing issue from the Richards Building and one count of vending machine harassment.

LEWDNESS — August 29, a white male suspect, 2 feet 2 inches tall, approximately 22 pounds with thin brown hair, wearing a yellow rubber duckie t-shirt and no diaper was seen running near Wymount Terrace.

THEFT — August 30, a purse was stolen from 105 ESC containing a slide rule, a box of orange Tic Tacs, Kleenex, and \$.53 in pennies. It was promptly

recovered by BYU lost and found.

PHONE HARRASSMENT — September 4, a resident of Deseret Towers who happened to be a Cougar reported a series of harassing phone calls left on her answering machine. The caller reportedly played the U. of U. fight song over and over and threatened to "puncture [the victim's] aerosol hair spray cans" and "aim a flame thrower at [her] lycra."

LEWDNESS/INDECENT EXPOSURE — September 6, University Police deputy Lt. Norma Rohde arrested a couple parked in a '79 Camaro in BYU A-lot 32 for french kissing, parking without a proper permit, and bad taste in motor vehicles. Suspects were promptly referred to the new "Honor Code Office."

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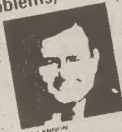
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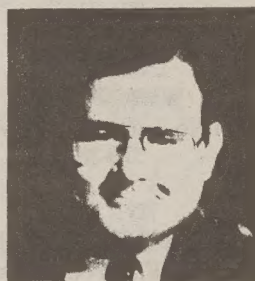


As seen in
the Daily Universe:
population growth to cause
problems, Cannon says



TOO MANY PEOPLE? CANNON'S THE ANSWER!

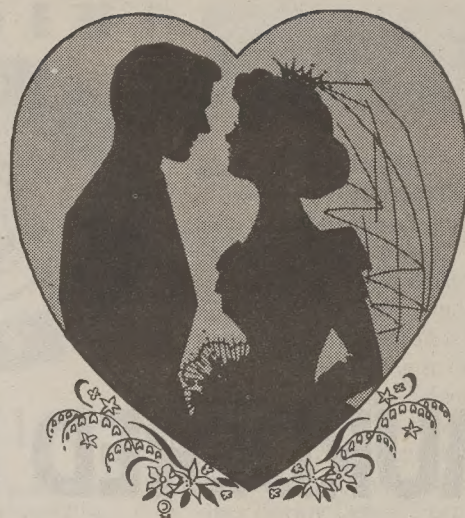
That's right. Utah's growing too fast. Twice as many kids born here yearly than anywhere else. That's a problem Utah must face. If elected senator, I promise to increase my little steel mill's release of toxins and particulates by 300%. That's right, 300% more PM-10. That should curb our population problem.



JOE CANNON

CANNON FOR SENATOR—92

THIS AD PAID FOR BY UTAHNS FOR A BRIGHTER FUTURE ©



DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

by Adam Blackwell

AUGUST 29

I arrive and find my room on the third floor of V-Hall. My roommate (a certain Heber N. Mecham) has not yet arrived, so I choose my half of the room and pin up a life-size, scratch-&-sniff poster of Arnold in T2.

AUGUST 30

Heber is here and my prized poster (now in the trash can) has been torn into several hundred thousand pieces: "It's R-rated and evil!" Still, Heber is a pretty good guy. Or so he tells me.

AUGUST 31

I wake up parched in the middle of the night and reach for the refrigerator to get a Coke. I find a can and raise it to my mouth. I try, in vain, to drink. Then I notice that someone has pierced two small holes in the bottom. I try another can. Same deal. I am baffled. And then I see the note from Heber: "And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. (D&C 89:7)."

SEPTEMBER 1

Heber seems rather sticky this morning, but I choose

to say nothing. I return to the fridge to get some milk for breakfast, but it is completely empty. It's as though someone has passed through with a vacuum cleaner. Heber doesn't tell me how he did it until after church. He pulled out the plug so that everything melted and then invited round the bishop's Siamese cats to lick it clean. Heber is quite offended when I ask the motivation behind this socially rather incongruous act. "One word," he replies, "Fast Sunday."

SEPTEMBER 12:

I have been very ill for the last 11 days and, unfortunately, have been unable to write. I have been sick with worry. I am never going to get married! Heber (I am really beginning to love this guy) tries to console me as much as possible by reading from Paul Dunn. But the big H-man has been down in the dumps a little too. I think he feels bad about stealing my girlfriend from home. I tell him not to worry. I mean, the guy's patriarchal blessing says that he is going to marry his roommate's sweetheart.

SEPTEMBER 13:

Still not married. But Heber has asked me to be an usher at his and Kathy's wedding (next Tuesday). Heck, no one ever had a finer roommate!

EAVESDROPPINGS

SEPTEMBER 3, AFTER 9:40 SHOWING OF MY LIFE AS A DOG, SWKT

Girl with too much lipstick to friends: I don't understand why he was barking.

SEPTEMBER 4, 11:27 AM, MARB

Male student 1: We can go Friday night.
Male student 2: But Friday ... that's high-school night.
Male student 1 (with a grin): Exactly!

SEPTEMBER 6, 6:30 PM, FOOTBALL "TRAINING TABLE" AT THE CANNON CENTER

Frosh football player 1: &!X%@
Frosh football player 2: I know exactly what you mean.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1:32 P.M., CHECKERBOARD QUAD

Surprised passerby: Hey, they finally let you on campus?
SR booth staffer: Just this week.
Surprised passerby: All right! Maybe caffeinated Coke is next!

SEPTEMBER 8, 7:02 P.M., SMITH'S

Roommate #1 (holding a package of toilet paper in one hand and a bottle of Clairol hairspray in the other) to roommate #2: Hey, we need both of these. Which one should we get???

SEPTEMBER 10, 11:08 P.M., BIOLOGY 100 IN THE MARB

Male in Polo shirt #1 (to Male in Polo shirt #2 next to him): Hey, you drove by my house yesterday.
Male in Polo shirt #2: Yeah, I did.
Male in Polo shirt #1: You drive a BMW?
Male in Polo shirt #2: Yeah, I do.
Male in Polo shirt #1 (excitedly): So do I!
Male in Polo shirt #2 (also excited): You drive a BMW; I drive a BMW. We should get together!

TOP 20

1. Soviet Republics gone wild
2. running through the sprinklers
3. The Greek Festival
4. rain in bright sunshine
5. exact change
6. coming back to a city where movies still cost \$1
7. Kool-Aid stained lips
8. Cab Callaway, Muddy Waters and Buddy Guy
9. seeing knees at BYU
10. Gordo's tortilla chips
11. going barefoot (anywhere)
12. kiwi fruit
13. professors that add everyone that comes
14. wire-rimmed glasses
15. long soft grass
16. Savers thrift store
17. whole wheat tortillas
18. Elvis Costello's new look
19. wild daisies along I-15
20. back to school

BOTTOM 10

Joe Cannon for senator, too many J. Crew catalogs, that big Y flag on the side of the Tanner Building, add/drop lines, religion teachers who claim to have visions, fat-free food, coming back to a city where the air smells funny, Yaz, blisters, syllabi

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SCHOLARS OR CENSORS: THE LAST DAYS OF AVRAHAM GILEADI

by Paul Rawlins

THE RECENT CONTROVERSY OVER AVRAHAM Gileadi's *The Last Days: Types and Shadows* from the Bible and the Book of Mormon—Deseret Book's best-seller which was unexpectedly pulled from the shelves this summer—leaves me with questions and disappointments. Gileadi's book supposedly advanced certain unorthodox doctrines, including his views on the Davidic servant spoken of in Isaiah and the "marvelous work and wonder" to take place in the last days. Ronald Millett, president of Deseret Book, said that Deseret underestimated the complaints publishing the book would bring about. Newspaper articles have mentioned members of BYU's religion faculty as being among the book's detractors.

As Latter-day Saints, we seem to have a problem when it comes to discussing ourselves or our own doctrines, a problem in taking an intellectual approach to our own theology when this goes much beyond scientific support for the Word of Wisdom or moral cleanliness. I have often wondered just what an LDS theological scholar might do—in a church based on revelation, sometimes the scholar's work seems moot and the room for interpretation and investigation narrow; all that is left is finding "temporal" support or evidence for what we have been told, and the only view to present is that of reaffirming one Lord, one faith, one

baptism as it has always been.

This is, of course, taking things to the extreme, but we are in a sphere where often, intellectually, we best tread lightly. There is a lack of accepted forums for free discussion and instruction. The *Ensign*, for example, faces a difficult problem, one with which I can sympathize. Many members will take what is written therein as doctrine, whether it be definitive or not. The Church is larger now than it has ever been, and doctrine must be "regulated" to a degree, as it had to be in Helaman's time (Alma 62:44). The eyes of the world, a world both skeptical and irreverent, are more upon us than they have ever been, and we possess pearls which some would trod underfoot. All these things lend to a curtailing of dialogue, in an effort to preserve the community. I don't deny such a thing as "safe ground" or a mainstream, but we have a hard time talking about some subjects when everybody is watching closely, wanting to either incriminate or vindicate us.

Now along comes Mr. Gileadi's book, the work of a careful scholar, a work not claiming to be doctrine, and a work that does not attack the Church but is controversial. Here is a perfect chance for scholars to act like scholars and present their arguments for or against, but instead we get censors. Why, instead of complaining about the book and attempting to have the book pulled, didn't

the detractors offer the community another book or some articles? Why not enter the arena of scholarly debate, with both sides admitting that scholarly debate, not doctrinal exposition, is what they are involved in?

The book's being pulled by Deseret Book after an (atypically) extensive review doesn't totally quash such debate, but it throws Mr. Gileadi into an unsavory or "unsanctioned" light to begin with. And the whole affair becomes more troubling when one considers that those who influenced the pulling of the book might be taking on the role that, according to the *Ogden Standard Examiner*, Professor Larry Dahl worried about in terms of the book. According to the *Standard's* article, Dahl was concerned about the book's leading members astray. In other words, he was worried about members looking to this book as an authority. Meanwhile, there are people behind the scenes setting themselves up as authorities, trying to influence the distribution of one man's ideas. Debate I might like to listen to and might learn something from, but this pulling of the book leaves me asking, "Who do you think you are?" of some unknown body. I can applaud their concern and their activism, but not their approach.

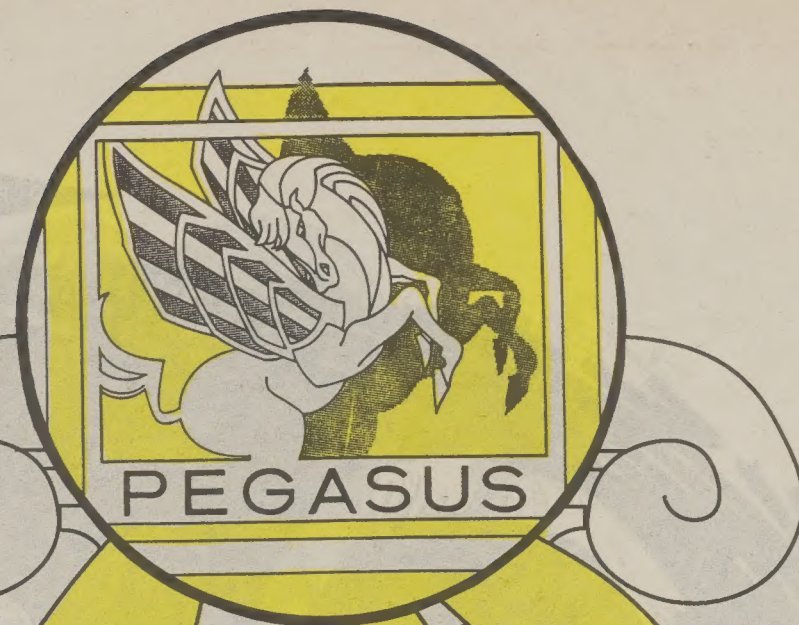
What makes Gileadi a good test case for scholarly debate is that the doctrines in question (some finer points of Mormon

theology) don't seem to be those which will hurt any of us—providing we do not hold to any interpretation of "obscure points of doctrine" too tightly. It seems to me that obscure points of doctrine are obscure, in part, because they are first, unknown in any definitive sense, and second, not necessarily of profound import to our salvation at the moment, especially if we are willing to discard any interpretation which turns out to be erroneous if and when new light is made available on the subject.

Avraham Gileadi's book provided a chance for talk, but the push seems to be towards silence. I would like to extend an open invitation now, especially to members of the religion faculty and others who have read the book, to make use of the forum provided by the *Review*. I, for one, would like to know what the fuss is all about in more depth than that which I've been able to glean from the newspaper. I would like us to find better ways to better talk about ourselves, and allow others—particularly when they are not approaching apostasy—the "same privilege." Mr. Robert Smith put it well in the *Salt Lake Tribune*: "Anything new tends to be controversial. Whether they agree or disagree, most people would come down on the side of letting [Gileadi] offer his viewpoint. A lot of people are curious about Deseret Book's reasons for pulling it off the shelves." I know I am. Δ

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THE OTHER SIDE WHAT WE DO

by Matthew Stannard

IF YOU'RE NEW AT BYU, AND NEW to publications like *Student Review*, your first encounter with us may be a bit discombobulating. Most of us at the *Review* believe strongly in conversation. Conversation

is not indoctrination; it is not advocacy. Rather, it is a collection of mutually recognized thoughts and testimonies. The university is the home of conversation. And we hope the *Review* will be a more intimate den wherein many conversations may take place.

Some conversations are funny, since humor is a constructive way of describing the human experience. Many things at BYU are funny: a sign in the Cougar eat that says "Ethnic Bar"; Brigham missing his cane in front of the ASB; even, in a darker way, teachers who care more about whether I've shaved than whether I've read the assignment—they're hilarious.

Some conversations are serious—gravely so. Last year, some of us argued about whether or not to go to war. We argue about the environment, the economy,

religion. We frequently argue about whether to have conversations at all.

There are, I believe, pressing questions that emerge in our community when issues and events divide us. They may seem absurd to others outside the community, but to us they are sometimes terrifying. We have a hard time with "division"; still, in an off-handed way, we manage to ask the questions.

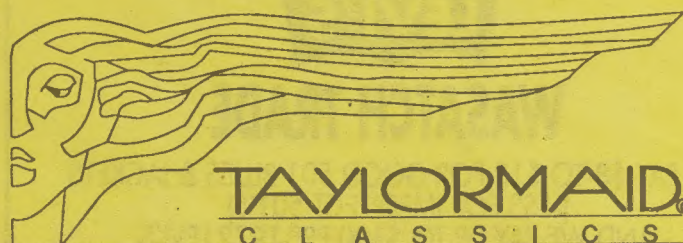
These are some of the questions: What does it mean to be a Christian? Does our responsibility extend only to immediate others, or to the distant others who may be our enemies? On what do we base our mutual decisions—if scriptures and prophets and traditions are silent, ambiguous or contradictory? What are we to make of dissenters and divisions within our community? The questions go on and on.

We have no "rules" to answer these questions, because they emerge from exceptions to rules. We haven't formulated codes of conduct to deal with these

exceptions, since they do not occur with enough threat and frequency (just yet) to penetrate our secure everydayness. And I'm not certain that such formulas would do justice to the situations anyway. Still, our present mode of dealing with division seems rooted in a warlike, conquering metaphor. We must "kill" opposition, "destroy" doubts and disagreements. Contention, after all, is the spirit of Satan (as if Satan were incapable of political expediency).

Suppose there comes a time when we *must* answer these questions. Certainly, there will be more wars, more legal and theological disputes, more conflicts of values and scarcity of goods. There will, then, be more disagreements, and we'll be left to govern ourselves, just as we've always been told to do. Perhaps then we'll learn (perhaps too late) the difference between a genuine community and an artificial, insincere totality. But I think we ought to start talking it over now. And we hope you'll want to be a part of the conversation. Δ

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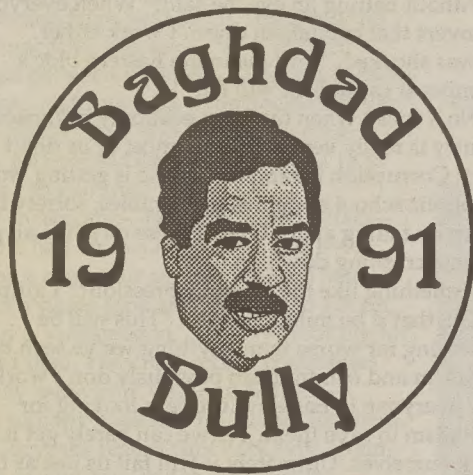
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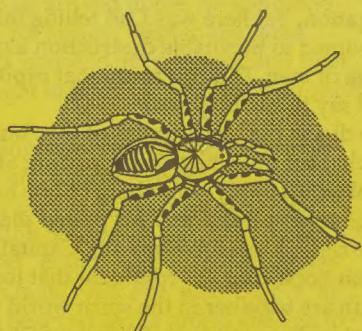
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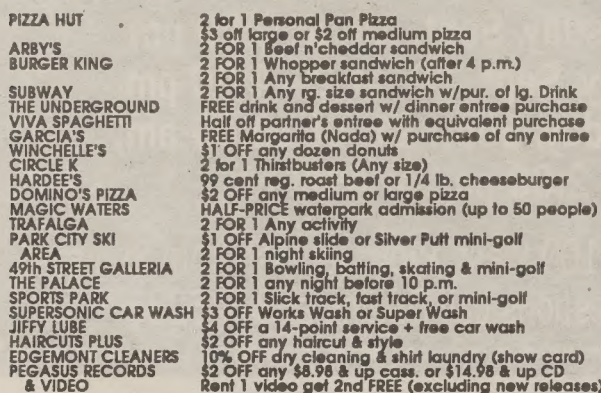
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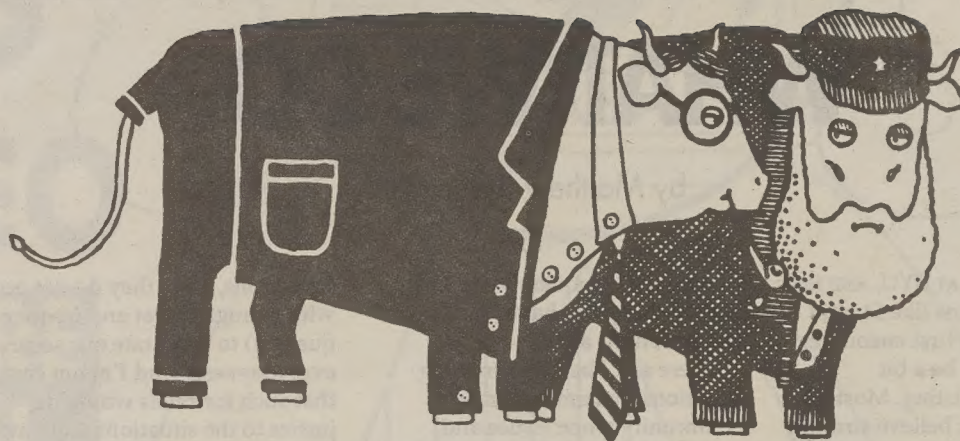


ILLUSTRATION BY KENT CHOU

by Lee Follett

Capitalism: You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

"Yeah, it is pretty remarkable," he replied over a sandwich.

Lee was once a political science major. He is now a history major.

STUDENT REVIEW · SEPT 18, 1991

A INTERVIEW WITH BASIC LANGUAGE

by Sean Ziebarth



over a thousand hours. So we were probably paying two dollars an hour for a 24 track." Engineered by self-taught Mike Roskelley and themselves and aided by soprano saxophonist Shelly Jesse, the result was an impressively professional record. Sadly, however, they admit not knowing how to professionally promote it. They sent copies to local record stores in hopes that consumers would see the "neat, nifty cover and go out and buy it." They also sent the record to radio station KJQ, which opened a lot of doors for them and "is still working for [them] today."

Prior to and during the recording of *Epoch Blue*, Basic Language experienced a pronounced shift in their musical style. One Pioneer day at Liberty Park, Dale saw a musician playing jazz bass; he was hooked. He thought, "This is where I'm supposed to be." Dale was already the proud owner of a fretless bass, which was a birthday gift from a nice lady friend. From then on, with a few exceptions, Dale was strictly the bass player.

He also went on to study technical jazz.

Steve Johnson, "a very good drummer," was one of two other musicians who influenced Basic Language's style, helping make it what it is today. Steve was brought on because John really wanted a live drummer, especially for their performances. Dale said, "When we got Steve that's where the music really started to change. I think that's about the time we started to get more into the funk feel." John added, "Back in the old days it was very straight Thompson Twinsish-new wave-techno." Steve was a real big help in expanding their style.

Lou "Long-Haired Lou" Eastman came on as guitarist after Mike Roskelley and Basic Language grew apart. He was an "incredibly good speed metal guitarist with roots and foundation in jazz and funk. Lou is where funk really, really came in. Lou had rhythm."

So with John, Dale, Steve, and Lou Basic Language continued, but not without minor problems. "When you have [four] people in

a band and try to get everyone coordinated it is very discouraging." Steve got a job back in Washington D.C. and Lou was itching to get back into heavy metal because Basic Language "didn't allow him to rip very often." John and Dale wanted to take off to Berkeley or Boston's Conservatory of Music to study music in its traditional sense.

Instead of replacing Steve and Lou, John said, "Let's just try it by ourselves. We've always wanted to do it that way. Even if it's just for one show, just you and I, Dale, are going up there on that stage with everything we know and just the way we want it." John and Dale were in for a pressure-filled experience. All of the sudden, two guys had to do what four people were doing before. John had to pick up on guitar and reprogram all the drums and hope that he could get the same feel, or even better, than Steve was getting. They decided to invest in a light system to create motion, making up for there being only two people on the stage. Dale called the experience "purging." Not only did two people have to perform the music of four, but they also had to worry about the technical aspects and the interaction with the audience.

April 25, 1991 was the first show of Basic Language's two man band. It was a complete success, largely due to Mikko Skousen's help. Mikko first joined up with Basic Language as they were finishing up the recording of *Epoch Blue*. They provided Mikko with a regular date every week, and he always took someone new to their practices. Mikko was "blown away and amazed" by Basic Language, and he started helping out financially and technically at the shows. Soon afterward he became the band's manager.

Presently, Basic Language is doing a lot of live shows. They have been employing guitarist Rich Dixon to play live with them. The improvisation that Rich adds is phenomenal. "Rich Dixon is a professional. That's the only way to describe him, a pro." Now John describes their musical style as "open, with a solid foundation, a solid chord structure. This allows anyone to come in, like Rich, and do their thing and it will fit. We try to put meat into our music, something for everyone. A Ph.D in music can come to our shows and get something out of it. We write music that an orchestra could perform." Dale adds, "Basic Language is about change and progression. We want to grow and develop, not sit [and] stagnate."

The orange sun dipped further beyond the horizon. Children played on the swings, I heard their shouts and laughter and snapped out of the reverie that John and Dale had put me in. I looked down at my tape recorder, which was quickly running out of tape and decided to bring the interview to a close by asking what SR readers could do to help out Basic Language. "Just come out and give us a listen. Give us a chance," John said. Then Dale chimed in, "And if you like us, tell someone else. Let others know. People need to get out and do something besides Movies 8. Get out and see bands, other things, not just us. Get cultured. People tend to be like lemmings—they accept what others think is cool and then they hang on to that, they don't give their own opinions a chance."

"Support the local bands; let's make Utah known for something else besides losing the '98 Olympic bid," John offered as their last words.

Basic Language is playing on Sept. 24 and 25 from 8-10PM at Johnny B's—65 N. Univ. Av. Tickets on the 24th are \$4 or \$2 w/ student Id, on the 25th tickets are \$5 or \$3 w/ student Id. Δ

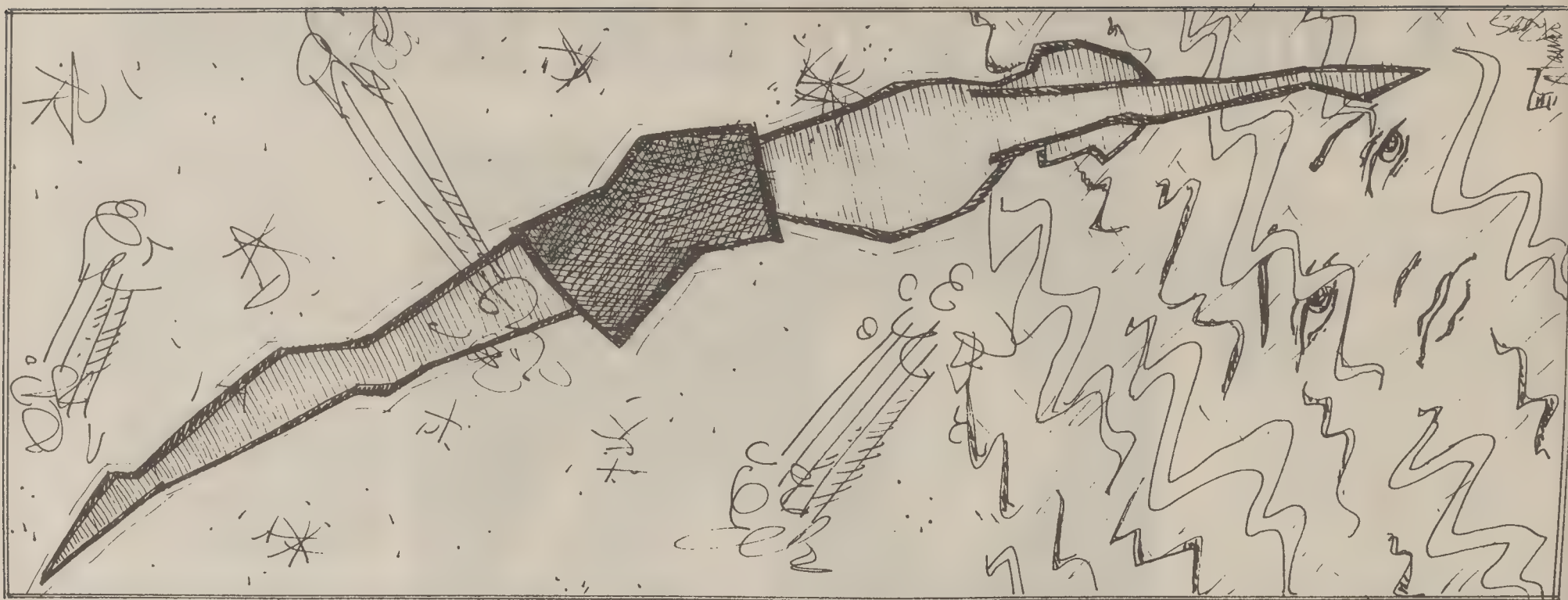


ILLUSTRATION BY MARYN ROOS

LETTERS TO SONJA

By Gary Burgess

REMEMBER THE CHINESE BORDER, SONJA, and saying farewell to you, my lovely, my benighted. Giving my new passport to an official, a photo of my grieved face inside, taken the day before. You didn't look at me. I don't know if you lowered your eyes because I forced you to leave China, or if you were being coy. Oily lengths of your hair were strung across your face.

I caught a train, and back in Hong Kong I tried telling my students the story. I said:

"When I was in Guangzhou someone stole all my clothes, my camera, my airplane tickets and my passport. For four days I tried to leave China. I was shouting at some government employees in an office when I met a blond woman. She had been teaching English in a village in Mongolia for a year. She was on her way home. In a park, four men had attacked her. She had lost everything. She told me she wanted to die, not because of the men but because of what she did in the village in Mongolia—something God could never forgive her for. She wouldn't tell me what she had done."

I told my conversation classes what I could: about the laborers in the park, who found you after the fourth day, taking you in the back of a truck to where we met, the officials panicking before their three and a half hour lunch break, telling me to take care of you. You scratching your bites and pulling on your hair, apologizing.

And then about my pleas and your refusals lasting all afternoon, on the street, you telling me you wanted to go to the park, to die, me pacing on the sidewalk. Me sending for a white sheet from the hotel, your filthy body pulling away from mine, as I lifted you into the wheelchair. The Chinese, bicycling home, pausing, watching me push you down again and again as you moved to get away. The police coming to our room that night, asking questions. My shirt and underclothes soaking in the sink.

In their benign way I believe my students understood little of the fragments I gave of you. They looked at me, blinking, leaning forward, their shoulders crumpled.

I search for remnants on the library shelves here of then. I have come across a

poem, by Rihaku, from the eight century A.D. It begins:

THE RIVER MERCHANT'S WIFE: A LETTER

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.

You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse.

You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.

And we went on living in the village of Chokan:

Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

Alessandro and I met on Sundays in Hong Kong to swim. In Kowloon Park in a glass building, supervised by bony lifeguards. We chopped and kicked our way across the pool, eventually extricating ourselves from the tangles of bald limbs. We walked the few crowded blocks to our dinner reservations. The tables we ate over, he and I, were punctured by waiters with stained shirt pockets and faded lists of appetizers. Smugglers, dissidents, correspondents, Alessandro went on, his hands making a patchwork of the air in front of us, pulling it, with his fingers, into explosions. He was sent by his parents from Manila to be educated. After Harvard and Oxford he'd come on a whim to Hong Kong to write for a financial weekly. He'd taught in my school in the evenings, finishing around ten. I was given his students, and at times I consulted the notes and sketches he left behind. They were kept in clear plastic folders since the winter before.

I continued, with my elbows on the table to nurse my belief in your significance, hedged in across from Alessandro. He suggested I start taking taxis around the island at night. I did so, going through my supply of shirts every few days. I interviewed club owners, singers, and prostitutes, and sometimes I felt as if I was still across from you in the hotel room, in paralysis. At those moments my questions would dwindle and fade, by the couples

dancing, and I would pick at the fruit plate they had set before me, under the blue and canary yellow lights. Someone would suggest I take a turn at the microphone, and sing. I can still hear my voice edging toward complete uncontrol, weakly moving across

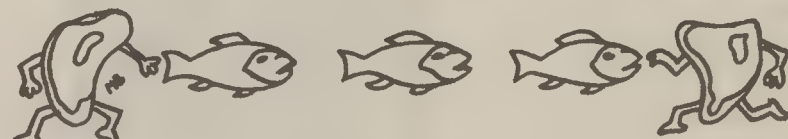
the room and getting lost eventually in the velvet and brass. I thought all the lyrics and

LETTERS
CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

BACK OF THE ICEBOX

by Lynn Willis Allred

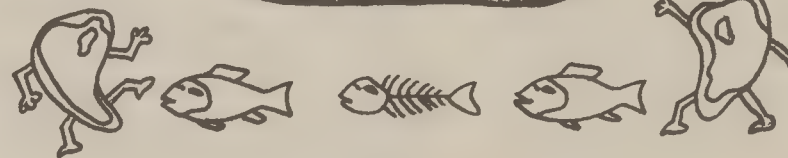
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We finally decided to include a recipe that you would want to use. This chicken is incredible. Try it out at your next barbeque. Enjoy!



BRUSHES WITH FAME

by Heather Sundahl

My old next door neighbor went to school with Raquel Welch.
I saw Sean Penn at the SLC airport and I saw Charo at LAX.
My sister's ex-boyfriend used the urinal next to Tom Selleck at a USC volleyball game.
I dated Neil Diamond's first cousin once removed.
I danced next to Toni Basil at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go.
My sister and I saw Val Kilmer at the video store.
I saw Caesar Romero outside Burger King on the Champs Elysee.
My mom saw Lucille Ball at Moskatells.
My parents saw Billy Barty in the celestial room at the LA Temple.
Tina Marie almost bought my parents house.
Janet Jackson sat on my purse in a shoe store on Melrose.
I saw John Davidson on Mr. Toad's

Wild Ride at Disneyland.
I got my hair cut next to Rick Springfield.
I bagged Sheena Easton's groceries at Ralph's.
I trick-or-treated at Jamie Farr's house.
I bumped into Michael J. Fox at the Bruce Springsteen concert.
I saw Elvis at the Pretzel & Cheese at a mall in Wyoming.
Charlie Sheen went to the elementary school where my sister now teaches.
I saw Sean Penn at the SLC airport and met his junior high school best friend at the beach.
They filmed a Barbie commercial next door.
I babysat Chunk from Goonies.
I went horseback riding past Larry Wilcox (CHiP's).
My best friend talked to Dan Akroyd at Music Plus.

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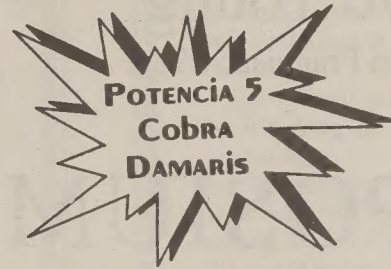
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UNTITLED

by Señor

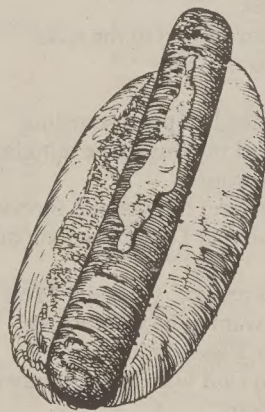
I have a lavender calendar
that reminds me of Davenport
where the men tickle me pink,
In ribbons and bows and
tight bicycle clothes
to the point I can
no longer think. Δ



ILLUSTRATION BY MARYN ROOS



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE BASTIAN



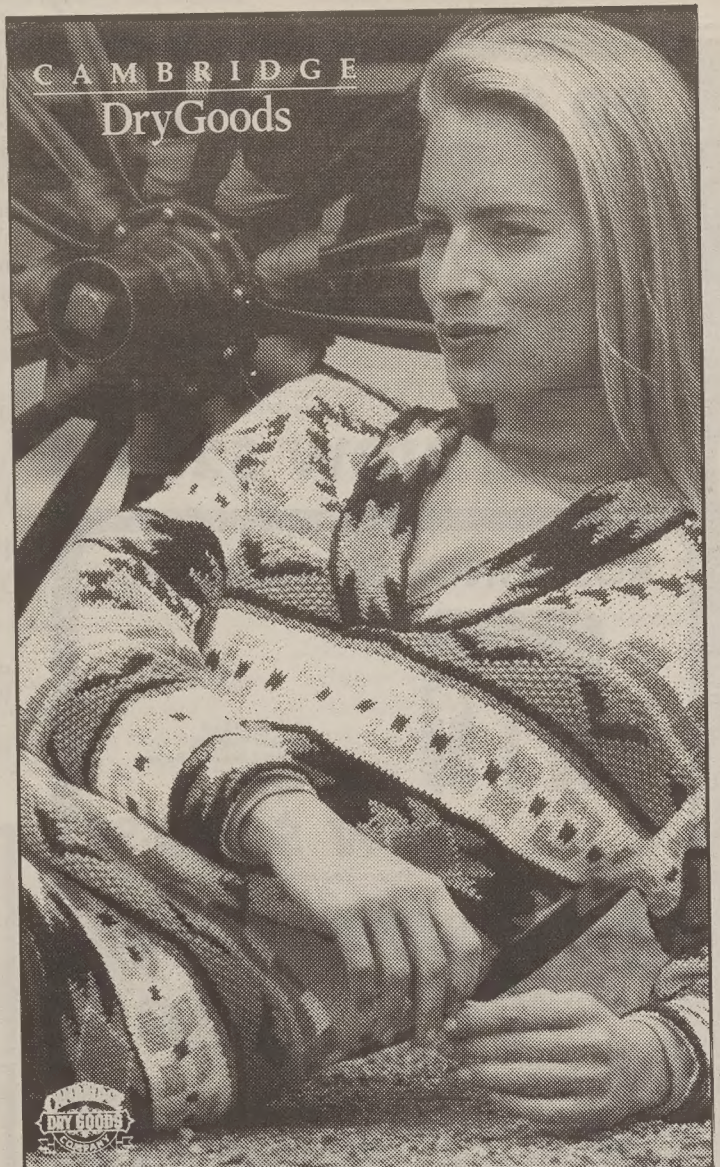
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STUDENT REVIEW · SEPT. 18, 1991

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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

words from my mouth were only the sentiments of a small boy, ones only you would patronize, yet they would applaud, and through such endearments I was slowly able to gather what information I could and write articles for the Post.

Such a ripe impotent city, Sonja. The rounded, believing faces of the prostitutes saying *thank you* and *please* and *why not* and *who are you* have stayed with me, as yours has. I think of the swimming on Sundays and imagine padding my way, with one of these poor waifs, through a lot of dog-paddling adolescents. Bobbing and rubbery I teach her to hold her breath and to let her face become wet. She has no bangs, this pilgrim, and she pulls her hair back in a bun. She fears I will leave her in the deep end. She doesn't know she could never drown with narrow-shouldered youths choking one another around us, their eyes bulging. I take her hands and pull her along on her back, and I see her open her eyes then and faintly shake her feet under the water. Suspended, she lets go, and, as if movement will cause her to sink, she stays afloat, inhaling. In my mind, this creature (lucid, unreal, diseased) will be kicking soon. I will need to buy her a pair of goggles. I see her trotting on ahead of me on the street, looking at me puzzled when I mention the goggles to her. Her eyes are dabbed with red, from the chlorine. They are an alien marking from our buoyant world. She sees, water, rainbows and ellipses in the air in front of us. She points these out to me, taking my arm. The misted light patterns that break through the clouds above are refracted in her eyes, and if I look away from her eyes suddenly I see red streaks in the air, my eyes also affected.

Again I resort to the river merchant's wife:

At fifteen I stopped scowling, I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the look out?

"Let me go," you said. "You don't want to be with me. Be honest. Please let me go."

"But God wants you to stay in this room."

You shook your head, and looked toward the carpet. I wished I had then Alessandro's notes, to guide me, in trying to talk about a God that wasn't just a violet-blue abstraction but one with limbs and ears and eyes. But as it was I bought water for us, bread and cakes. I gave you all I had from playing cards in the casino, Alessandro's money in my hands, him standing behind me, following the shuffles. You knelt on the floor in the hotel, your hips widening out, your submission filling our room. I sat across from you in the shirt and trousers I had worn for four days. We were fellow bankrupts. At least I like to believe so. I remember asking the hotel for toothbrushes.

Eventually your friend from Hong Kong came with clothes for you, as I'd asked. I waited outside as you shed your white sheet in the bathroom, as she changed you into a blue dress, stitched together, it seemed, out of canvas. The dress was a monstrosity, yet it seemed to mark the end of your long fast, and suggested a shower for your swollen, insect-bitten skin. We went to the train station. In the chaos I heard our words again:

"This hotel is too clean for me, too beautiful. Don't make me go inside."

"But look at me. See what I look like."

"Not like me."

And then later, our hoarse, seal-like voices finding themselves in mattresses:

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you come with me to Hong Kong?"

"You know I can't do that."

"Sonja—if you believe in God then you believe in forgiveness."

When I was with you I thought as I made my small purchases for us that if only I let myself be carried along, helplessly, by my best intentions, remaining loyal, that I would in some way satisfy God. That if he spoke to me and asked me where I was, I could say I was with you. Hadn't he left me there, in China, with you? And if I was loyal I thought a story would be created, that he would create it. But has he? Is there a story in two people dividing beds between them, waiting for something good

to happen?

The story rather is in my rotation around you; ever since I left you in your frayed operatic suffering I have had my face turned toward you, I have been on an axis with my arms pinned and flailing. On an island in the Indian Ocean, I blurted your name. In the rain forests of the Golden Triangle, I described your plain, vacant features, your wilted, plaintive lips. Now in America I live upstairs and alone. The leaves have almost all gone, and when I drive home in the evenings I can better see the lake phosphorescent and cold through the trees. I have draped my cumberbun over the dresser top and have positioned a lamp in an alcove from which I can see the cows and hap loaves and my landlord, the farmer, driving by. He has repainted the bedroom a dull white and any day now his good wife will begin leaving small, tightly wrapped parcels on my doorstep, or packages full of good smells. He promises, heroically, a shower curtain before long. I've used a sheet from my bed. It has turned gray.

The monkeys make sorrowful noises overhead.

I go to school in the mornings, and, shivering, I dive deep into an electric colored pool. I float, with my limbs extended, along the bottom. There I imagine I hear your voice carried by water from saying you went back to the village, where you began your flight from your crimes. You went into the desert again. There the peasants presented yogurts and cheeses to you, and mouthed crude apologies and questions.

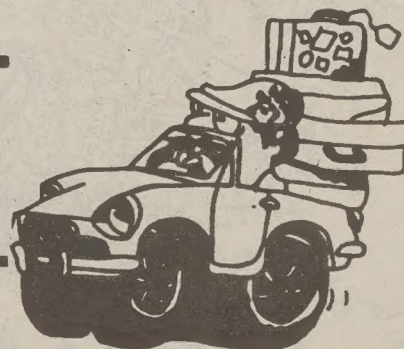
The mornings, Sonja, have become electric.

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the greass in the West garden,
The hurt me.
I grow older,
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you,
As far as Cho-fu-sa. Δ

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AFFIRMATIVE ACTION AT BYU

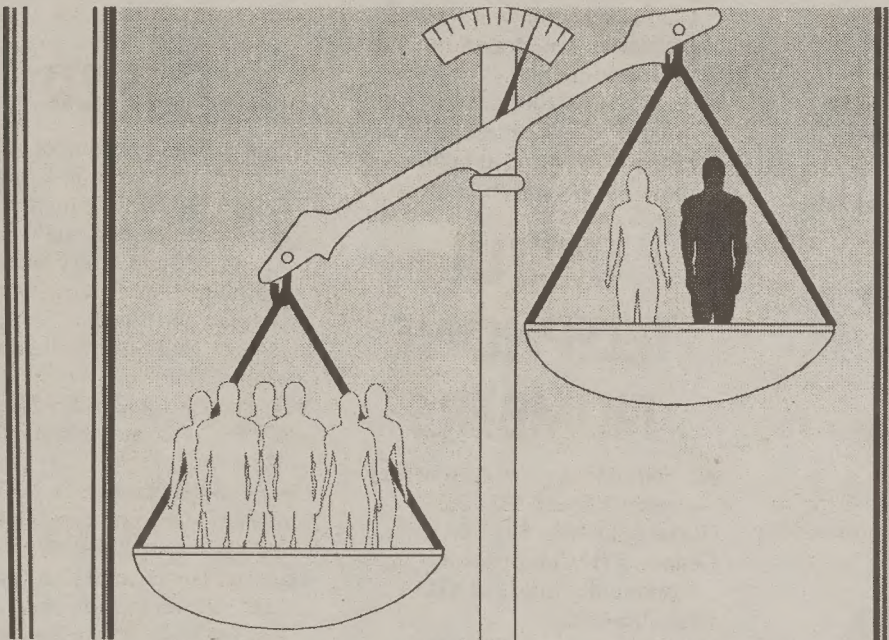
by Eric Eliason

NOW THAT THE REALITY OF BYU's enrollment ceiling is upon us, a very important question begs to be answered. How can the BYU admissions process be fair when the number of available "slots" is smaller than the number of qualified applicants? In the past only applicants whom the admissions office felt would not do well academically at BYU were turned away. Now, BYU has begun to admit fewer and fewer new students, even as the Church's membership continues to grow at an ever increasing rate.

In the past, since tuition has been inexpensive, BYU was accessible to almost any eager Mormon with reasonably good grades and a willingness to get a job. These students were mostly American Mormons, and since the Church was, until recently, largely an American Church this made sense. However, with today's enrollment gap, BYU is not accessible to almost any Mormon with reasonably good grades and, strangely, even though the membership of the Mormon Church has become very international, the demographics of BYU's student body remains closer to the demographics of the Church of the 1960s than to the Church of 1991. Americans are still grossly over-represented at BYU compared to other nationalities, and Utahans are grossly over-represented compared to students from other states.

In many of the countries where the Church has experienced phenomenal growth the socio-economic situation is so poor that very few members are in a position to go to any local college, let alone BYU. What reason is there for the Church not to help these members come to BYU, especially those who could not afford to go to any other college? The Church has spent huge amounts of money on sending missionaries and building temples throughout the world in order to meet the spiritual needs of all Church members in a fair manner. Unfortunately, as the make up of the BYU student body demonstrates, the educational needs of the Church's membership are not being met nearly as equitably.

Perhaps the Church can begin to address this problem through an affirmative action program. Before we immediately reject the idea of affirmative action because it awards preferential treatment to certain groups on a basis other than merit, it is important to



realize that affirmative action has had a long history here, albeit in a strange form.

For theological reasons the Church has targeted specific ethnic groups (i.e., Native Americans and Polynesians) for preferential treatment in the past and has awarded scholarships and given financial aid to them to come to school. Perhaps, now that the doctrinal focus of the Church has moved away from emphasizing the chosen nature of certain races, and has begun to emphasize the universal equality of humans as God's children, a new kind of affirmative action is needed at BYU.

This new BYU affirmative action program would be based on the geographic diversity of Mormons throughout the world. Just as the placement of temples around the world reflects the number of Church members in the area in which they are built, the geographic diversity of the student body at Church schools would reflect the geographic distribution of Church membership as well. Internationally, the break down could be made on a country by country basis. For instance, since 4.1% of Church membership is Brazilian, 4.1% of the openings at BYU would be reserved for Brazilians, and since 1.7% of Church membership is British, 1.7% of the openings would go to British Mormons. In North America it could be on a state by state or province by province basis. For example, since only 17.9% of Church members are Utahans, only 17.9% of BYU's openings

would be reserved for Utahans. (Statistics from the Deseret News 1991-1992 Church Almanac.)

Since well over a third of BYU's current student population is Utahans, the number of Utahans at BYU would be drastically reduced to facilitate the formation of a more representative and fair student population. Understandably, this idea is not going to sit well with those who regard BYU as a Utah school that just happens to be owned by the Mormon Church. But BYU is not a state school. The U of U and Utah State are state schools, and it is their responsibility to educate Utahans. If the Mormon Church has a responsibility to educate anyone at all, it is to educate Mormons, not just Utahans.

Not only Utahans would be affected by this plan; the number of Mormons from other Western states such as California, Idaho, and Arizona admitted to BYU would also have to be considerably reduced to make way for international students. Fortunately for the Western American Mormons barred from BYU there are many other universities which they can attend. And the international students (the largest portion being Latin Americans) who would be taking their place would have a chance to go to college where little or no chance existed before.

The change in demographics at BYU that would follow the implementation of a program like this would mean that many poorer students would come to BYU who

could not pay tuition. To remedy this problem, students would be allowed to come to BYU on a pay if you can basis. Those who can pay pay; those who cannot are supported by tithes and donations. This way no one would be excluded from the BYU experience for financial reasons. A similar system allows LDS youth to serve missions in spite of financial constraints.

Going hand in hand with and as a side benefit of the BYU affirmative action program, another problem facing the Mormon community could be addressed. Unfortunately, it is often the case that strong, educated Church members disregard the encouragings of the Brethren and leave their homelands to immigrate to America. They leave countries whose societies desperately need educated people and whose LDS congregations desperately need active members. To dampen this educational and spiritual brain drain students who come to BYU under the affirmative action plan would be required to return to their native lands for at least as long as their BYU education endured and use what they had learned at BYU to benefit both their country and their religious community. In this way BYU would serve not only individuals in need of an education but it would also serve countries in need of educated individuals.

This proposal should by no means be considered to be an attempted comprehensive solution to the question of fair admissions at BYU. It is merely a proposed first step to stir thought on the issue. Just a few of the tough questions that yet need to be answered before BYU could adopt this program would be: On what admissions criteria would the open slots at BYU available to each geographic area be filled? How would state or country residency be determined? How would geographic boundaries be drawn? And, in keeping with the Church's mission of spreading the gospel and the spirit of diversity, how many slots would be available to non-Mormons? However difficult these questions may seem they shouldn't dissuade us from making the decisions necessary to make BYU a school that truly belongs to all the Saints, and not just a privileged, wealthy Western American elite. Δ

SLICES OF FAITH

"Highest good is like water. Because water excels in benefitting the myriad creatures without contending with them and settles where none would like to be, it comes close to The Way."

Book One, verse twenty of *Tao te Ching* by Lao Tzu founder of Taoism

Slices of Faith features inspiring and/or profound quotes from religious writers from around the world. Send a quote that has especially inspired you and provide some background if you wish. Quotes could be from one of the great books of scripture such as the teachings of Confucius, the Book of Mormon, the Bible, the Vedas, or the Koran, or they could be from any figure, religious or otherwise, that has spoken religiously.

A NOTE FROM THE RELIGION PAGE EDITOR

Welcome to a new year at BYU and the *Student Review*, and welcome to the Religion Page. *Student Review's* Religion Page is perhaps the only place on the planet where students have an accessible written forum to air their impressions of and ponderings on Mormonism, and it is perhaps the only place at BYU where students can publish their thoughts on other religions. I hope that this year many of you readers will take advantage of these two unique opportunities that the Religion Page offers and submit some original work for publication.

Anything that remotely brushes on religious experience is a fair topic for the Religion Page. Personal essays, historical research, and religiously oriented poetry and short stories are just a few of the possible genres that one might find on this page in the coming months. We hope to hear from you.

SINCERELY,
ERIC ELIASON

THEATER

Running through Sept. 23, "Bundle of trouble" at the Hale Center Theater.
Sept. 26 - Nov. 23, "The Curious Savage" at the Hale Center Theater.
Sept. 19 - Oct. 5 in the Pardoe Theater at HFAC, "Driving Miss Daisy". Call 378-3875 for tickets and times.

THEATER GUIDE

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.
Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.
Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.
Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.
Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300.
Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.
Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.
Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N. 200 E. Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310.
Castle Summer Theater, 1300 E. Center, Provo

MUSIC

Sept. 18, Xi-Di Shen will give a free viola recital in the Madsen Recital Hall at 7:30.
Sept. 24 - 25, Basic Language; 8 - 10 pm at Johnny B's. 65 N. University Ave. Tickets are \$5 or \$2 with student I.D. On the 25 tickets are \$4 or \$3 with I.D.
Sept. 20, Alex of Czechoslovakia; folk music of Central Europe, 7:30 Madsen Recital Hall, call 378-7444 for tickets.

UTAH SYMPHONY

Sept. 19, Utah Symphony in the de Jong Concert Hall at 7:30. call 378-7444 for tickets.
Sept. 20-21, The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson trio at 8 p.m. in Symphony Hall (SLC). Call 533-note for tickets.

FILM

B.Y.U. FILM SOCIETY, VARSITY THEATER

Sept. 19, Phantom of the Opera
Sept. 26, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid and The Making of Butch Cassidy
shows at 4:30, 7:00, 9:30; tickets \$1

MOVIES 8

Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1, \$1.50 on weekends.

VILLA THEATER

Located at 254 South Main, Springville, call 489-3088 for current listings and show times. Only \$1.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.
Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.
Cinema In Your Face, 45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647.
Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.
Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560.
Varsity I, ELWC; Varsity II JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

DANCE

Thursdays, Industrial Dance Music, The Pompadour, 740 S. 300 W., SLC, \$4 cover, info:537-7051.

ART

Running through Sept. 30, prints by "Pablo" O'Higgins at B.Y.U.'s Brimhall Gallery

Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.

LECTURES

Sept. 19-20, Chief Wilma Mankiller. The first woman chief of the Cherokee Nation will speak at the Native American Futuristic Symposium.
Sept. 19, Dr. Marie Cornwall will discuss "The Institutional Role of Mormon Woman" at noon in room 378 Wilkinson Center.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Air Pollution Report, current and expected levels, 533-7239.
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.
UTA, 375-4636.
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
BYU Standards, 378-2847.
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.
KUTV News Hotline and Updates 373-9900, then dial 6397 for News, 2274 for Business, 7677 for Weather, 2255 for Sports, or 5653 for Jokes. It's all free.

SUNDANCE

Mt. Timpanogos Hike and Bike, through the end of September, weekends and holidays. Access scenic trails via the ski lift. Sundance Resort, call 225-4107 for info.

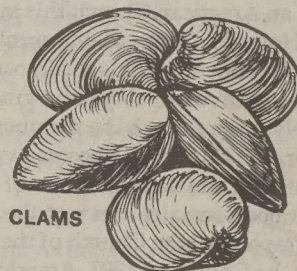
OTHER

Monte L. Bean Museum of Life Science, 10-5 daily, 10-9 Mondays, 378-5052. Join them for early morning bird walks from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday morning at the Botany Pond, 5th East and 8th North.
Massages, Full body, Full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.
BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m. call 378-5396.
Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd and Laserlight III. Info: 538-2098.
Poetry Readings, City Art, 240 S. Main, SLC, upstairs. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Also included is music and display art, call 942-1715, free.

Mondays, Readings of local women writers, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

Do not let fall roll around with going on the Timpanogos Hike and Bike. You can travel through all the different alpine settings in the area; wildflower meadows, spruce and fir forests, aspen and oak groves. Take the time and go to the Native American Symposium. It should be very interesting and culturally enriching. A new coffee shop called The LivingRoom is opening on center street. Check it out for some good live music. If you get really bored explore Provo and find what changed over the summer.



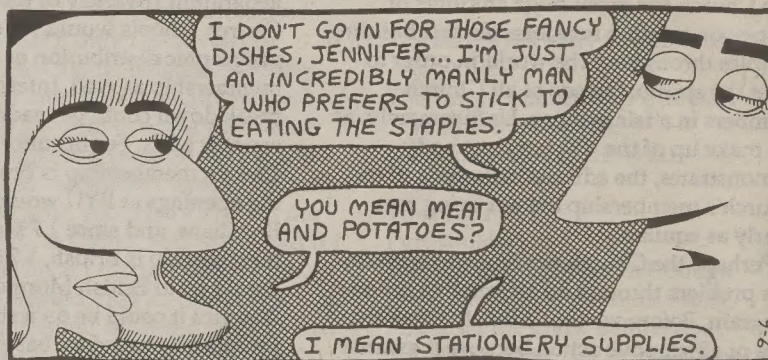
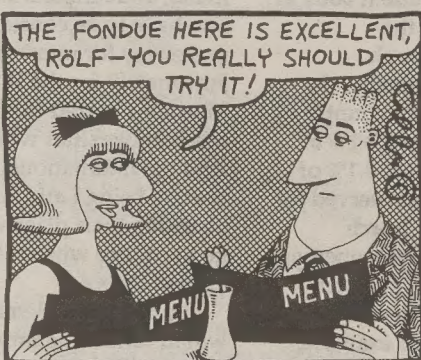
CLAMS

INTRODUCING THE FUSCO BROTHERS

The Fusco Brothers is *Student Review's* new comic strip. It is replacing *Doonesbury* for a number of reasons, one of which is because it was hard for *SR* to keep up the continuity that such a strip demands. The Fusco Brothers demands nothing but your twisted sense of humor. The comic is about four New Jersey brothers, Rolf, Al, Lars, Lance, and their dog/wolverine Axel. These crazy bunch of guys are always on the lookout for the meaning of life amongst their women, food, and art. And don't fret, The Fusco Brothers will be here every week. Stay tuned, and enjoy! Δ

THE FUSCO BROTHERS

by J.C. Duffy



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